

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

MILITARY GAZETTE

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All descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

How the Money goes.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

How goes the money?—Well, I'm sure it isn't hard to tell: It goes for rent and water rates, For bread and butter, coal and grates, Hats, caps and carpets, hoops and hose— And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—Nay, Don't every body know the way? It goes for bonnets, coats and capes, Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes, Shawls, ribbons, furs and furbelows— And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—Sure, I wish the ways were something fewer, It goes for wages, taxes, debts, For presents, goods for beta, For paint, pomade and eau-de-cologne— And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—Now I've scarce begun to mention how? It goes for lace, feathers, rings, Toys, dolls, and other baby things, Whips, whistles, candles, bells and bows, And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—Come, I know it doesn't go for rum! It goes for schools and Sabbath chimes, It goes for charity—sometimes, For missions, and such things as those, And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—I declare, I'm out of patience, I declare! It goes for plays and diamond pins, For public alms and private sins, For hollow shams, and silly shows, And that's the way the money goes!

I would not die in Spring Time. I would not die in Spring Time When grass begins to sprout; And after hens have laid an egg, They cackle all about.

I would not die in Summer. When the sun is hot as fire: And fruit and flowers and nice roast lamb Are all one can desire.

I would not die in Autumn. When chestnuts burst the burr; When coons and possums show their heels To save their precious fur.

I would not die in Winter. When the snow is deep and cold; And when the birds are all away, And when the wind is cold and loud.

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The Birth-Mark.

After a full course of medical study I found myself in practice in a small town on the river M—. I say in practice—I would have been so, had circumstances allowed it; but fortunately (or unfortunately) it was too healthy a place to encourage me to remain. Still, I should have felt unwilling to leave it. The heart always clings to first places. The place where we were born, where our childhood was passed, the first place in which we have lived after marriage, or, perhaps where the first child was ushered into existence—all seem to have a tale peculiar to each, and memory and love repeat over and over again, that well-remembered lesson.

Old ladies—those oracles of country towns—told me I must not expect practice until I married. To have sympathy with patients, they said, I must be a family man—and so, though trembling as I revolved the problem of our future, I brought home the sweetest being that ever gladdened or saddened a man's heart, and installed her in the tiny cottage which you might see at the foot of yonder hill, only that it is hidden by lilacs and altheas.

My Elsie was a contented, easy little creature, never repining, if I could bring her only the poorest and simplest fare—joyous and cheerful with bread and water, and with a bright smile of welcome at my approach, as if I had brought her the wealth of India. I sometimes endured agony on her account, lest this state of things should always last; but it was consoling to know that she at least, was not fretting or repining over the probabilities of life. When at length she woke up to the fact that I was doing absolutely nothing, she told me one day in an enchanting sort of careless way, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, that she could not accept my invitation to ride, as she was to entertain several young ladies at the house. I was dismayed, for the thought of company in our restricted way of life was really overwhelming.

I went to drive with a borrowed carriage, for I was too poor to hire one, and there was a case that came to me like a godsend, but too far off to admit of walking. It was one that promised well for me, and I returned elated by my success. I was so absorbed in it that I forgot the company, until I came into the little vestibule and heard the sound of voices. My hand was on the latch, and I could not recede. There sat my Elsie with half a dozen girls grouped around her, hearing a lesson in German. I stood amazed, but seeing me she came eagerly to the door.

'How long has this been thus?' I asked. 'Twelve whole weeks. To-day is the last of the term, and I get my pay for the class.' 'But how, or why?' 'How? Because I know very little excepting German, which I understand very well—my mother you know is German. Why? Because my husband is wearing out his heart, not with work, but for want thereof. Does not the hour satisfy you, Sir Doctor? And pray what fault do you see in the lady?' 'Bachelors will laugh when I say that I called my wife an angel. Let them. They have no angels, poor things, and no wonder they are envious of those who do have them. I went in, was introduced to the six young ladies, and saw them give my wife a folded paper each, which as soon as they were gone, she transferred to me.

'The first fruits, Mark,' she said. 'My first present to my husband!' I shall not tell you how many kisses followed this. Elsie continued her school, and her pupils increased with the formation of each new class, until all the young ladies in H— were jabbering German like natives.

My wife's energy made my fortune. I bought me a new horse and carriage with which I made the circuit of a number of towns, and Doctor Mark Kinsley, like Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous. My new carriage had caught the eye of a rich old gentleman who had long been an invalid, and who lived in a 'favored town' in his eyes, as a physician. 'Thenceforth I was the doctor of that whole region. My fame rested on the word of a single individual, because he happened to be a rich one. So much for the influence of wealth.

Of course, I could not practice thus in several different towns, without being the confidant of some strange family secrets. Most of these can never be disclosed, because they are still living whose feelings would be injured by the recital. Others again are susceptible of being laid bare to the world, the individuals having passed away and left no one to complain of a breach of trust.

I was sent for hastily one night to attend some patient in the farthest village of my circuit. A man came for me, and would not allow me to stop long enough to have my horse harnessed.

'I will fetch you back again when your visit is over,' he said. 'We must make no delay.' Elsie looked anxious. She did not quite like such a proceeding, and she began to remonstrate. The stranger turned a beseeching, earnest look upon her.

'If you are his wife, lady,' he said, 'I would like to ask you if you would withhold him from one of your own sex who is perhaps even now dying?'

Elsie looked her hold upon my arm. 'No, no, pray go at once,' she exclaimed. 'Do not let any one suffer for want of attention, or to save my foolish fears.'

I lingered a moment after the man had gone out, and bestowed on her my hearty approval. 'Drive fast,' said I, to my companion, but I could hardly see the trees and houses as we passed. I asked no questions, and the man was silent—intent apparently on his driving, without any thought or care for me. It was some time before we arrived at a retired house at the end of a pretty avenue of trees, in a part of the town which I had never visited. We stopped at a gate, and walked up a long yard. The moon was silencing every object round, and I saw quite distinctly that it was no common residence to which I was brought. At the door stood a gentleman, whose countenance seemed familiar to me, but I could not recall him fully to my mind. Nor had I time, for he hurried me up stairs immediately, and opening the door of an apartment from whence issued a subdued light and the odor of perfumes, he drew me within it, and led me to a bed, on which lay the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. Accompanied as I was to hearing Elsie's styled beautiful, and indeed thinking her such myself, I was yet completely dazzled by the splendor of the face now looking up to me as if to catch hope and strength from my presence. The long, black hair that floated in rich ripples over the pillow, the lustrous black eyes shining through tears, the white marble brow, wide and low, the soft, dark pencilling of the eye, brow and lashes, and the exquisite shape of the white hand and arm, all bespoke a rare type of womanhood; and I read in the anxious, yet resigned countenance, how much such a being might suffer, yet be strong.

I pass over the next few hours. They were of exquisite pain and suffering to one, of more than mortal agony to another, and of deep interest and anxiety to myself. At the end of that time, my patient was sleeping quietly, and in the fairy crib hung with the finest lace curtains, that stood by her bedside, was a wee bit of humanity, half smothered with flannels and muslins, and perfectly unconscious of the harsh, rough world into which it had recently entered.

In the next room, the gentleman, exhausted by watching and anxiety, was slumbering in a large arm-chair—an uneasy slumber, for he started frequently, and moaned as if in mental pain. The man was waiting to take me home, and I was anxious to go, for the moon had gone down, and a wild storm was rising. But I had a duty to perform before I could go, and I roused the sleeper that I might perform it. He woke with a start, and murmured some indistinct words.

'It is my duty to tell you,' said I, 'that the child just born, has an irremediable disfigurement, which it will not be safe to discover to the mother, until she has strength enough to bear it.'

He gasped like a man dying. 'I know what it is,' he exclaimed, involuntarily putting his hand to his throat. 'How—have you seen it?' I knew he had not been in the room, since a moment after the first faint cry of the infant, he had crept in and silently kissed the mother.

He was embarrassed at my question, but I went on to say: 'Yes, sir, you are right. The throat has a horrible stain, like that known by the name of wine stain. It is very purple, and extends in streaks down the neck, which is unfortunate, as the child is a girl.'

The man burst into tears. I never saw any one so overwhelmed. 'Merciful God!' he exclaimed, 'must I bear this frightful punishment in the person of my innocent child?' He was wild, despairing, frantic, for a time. Suddenly he seemed to recollect himself. 'Doctor,' he said, trying to speak calmly, 'you will not make use of this affair abroad.' He was now quite confused again. I looked him steadily in the eye.

'I do not understand you, sir. If you think that physicians tattle of any secrets of the sick-room, except under permission, to advance science, you are mistaken. At least, you mistake me. I speak for myself individually, and generally for my brethren.'

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'Thanks, doctor. You will understand me that I trust you to speak no word of this night to any person living. You will attend Mrs. Mortimer through the necessary period, and shall be well rewarded. Until she is quite well, do not tell her of this.'

There was a stress on the name which made me suspect it was not the right one; and I was convinced of it, when on returning home I spoke of my employer as Mr. Mortimer, and the man turned an inquiring look upon me, as if the name was quite new to him. Observing something in my looks I suppose that recalled him to prudence, he took occasion to give his master that name when he spoke of him, but it seemed forced and unnatural.

There came a time, however, when the mother must be told. The child's state must not be left to a chance discovery, lest it shock her into illness at this critical time. I was deputed to tell her.

'I cannot,' said Mr. Mortimer. 'But, as you have only a half confidence from me, and some suspicion, too, I suppose, I will throw myself on your honor, and if I judge your appearance rightly, you will not betray me.'

Of course, I said all that was necessary to assure him of this, and he related to me in substance the following story, more rapidly and briefly even, than I repeat it.

In his early youth, when the first flush of a prosperous life seemed before him, he had wooed and won Rose Ternon, the daughter of a neighbor. Never was a happier or more genial couple, and the marriage was talked of strongly as to take place the following year. But Henry Mortimer was called suddenly away to transact some necessary business on this side the water. (I should have said before, that they lived in England, but I will not designate the place.) He reluctantly left Rose, but her father promised him on the word of a gentleman, that he should marry his daughter immediately on his return.

Mortimer had a feud of long standing with a rude, rough sort of youth, named Carson. He had once insulted Harry, and the quiet contempt with which he had knocked him down and walked on serenely leaving him to pick himself up, enraged Carson to the extent of vowing his ruin. Harry's absence prevented the revenge which he meditated against him—but a bright thought seized him. He would deprive him of Rose. Carson had sense enough to know that he could not win her affections; but he invented all improbable tales respecting him, and had them carried to her ears. She disbelieved him, of course, but was grieved and astonished by his silence. She had not a single letter. They were reposing in piles, however, in Carson's desk. Then Carson wrote to Rose, that he could unfold the mystery, if she would meet him at a certain house, a lonely, unfrequented place, at broad noon. Distracted with anxiety, and knowing nothing of the quarrel between him and her lover, she went, telling no one but her maid servant where she was going.

Meantime Harry Mortimer had arrived, and was speeding to Rose Ternon with the impatience of a lover. Mr. Ternon was absent, but the faithful Mary, breaking through her promise, revealed to him where he could find her young mistress, and for what purpose she was gone.

Harry knew the way, and he flew to the place instantly, and found the villain reading one of the letters which he had written to the weeping girl, but wickedly changing the expressions to those of dislike and a wish to break off the engagement.

'Monster!' cried the kneeling girl, 'I will not believe it. Harry is true to me. You have stolen his letters.'

At this moment, Harry rushed past the kneeling figure, and plunged a knife into Carson's throat, crying, as he did so: 'There, take back the lie you are telling!'

Carson never breathed again. The knife had penetrated to the lungs, and he fell to the floor, covered to his waist with blood.

There was but one course to take—instant flight. A ship was to sail the next morning. Rose went home to her father, told him all, and he promised her that he would himself carry her to America by another month, to join her husband, as he would then be. But in the darkness of night Mortimer came and pleaded so earnestly for a marriage then, that Mr. Ternon could not refuse him, and Rose and Mary accompanied the exile to his new home, under the name of Fleetwood. This name was again changed for another, fear prompting the exchange. Mr. Ternon was dead, and there was nothing to recall them to England. Carson's dead body was found, and the murder fixed upon Rose, whose letters lay scattered over the floor.

But that terrible sight was ever present to both. True, Carson merited punishment, but Mortimer's after thoughts shrank from himself for inflicting it. Everywhere, the bleeding throat rose before him, and with Rose it was a species of insanity. The sight of a knife would bring on spasms. She had fully believed that her child would come into the world with the signet of blood, and when I told her, she received the intelligence with pain, but no surprise. The poor infant lived only a few days, and the father and mother fell victims to the pestilence of 1832, in New York, to which city they had removed, for they never continued long in one place. The property went to distant heirs, excepting a large bequest to Mary, who is still alive, and is married to a worthy man in her own country. No one knows the secret of Carson's death, save us two.

CAT RACKS.—Some sporting gentlemen in Belgium have lately organized matches between cats. These animals it is necessary to observe, possess to a high degree the facility of finding their way back to their home under the most disadvantageous circumstances. According to the *Neuve de Liege* (to be pronounced "news" on this occasion), a match of this nature took place in that town. Eighteen cats belonging to different persons in the quarter of the city called Outre-Meuse, were taken a distance of a league, and let loose at midnight. In exactly half an hour one of the cats reached home, and carried away the first prize, and all the others arrived in rapid succession. Three toms, whose roving disposition triumphed over every sporting sentiment, did not, however, make their appearance until after sunrise. Their names have consequently been scratched out of all other subsequent racing engagements.

PHLENTROPY.—Secreter (Dutch Hans) of Detroit, has accepted Michael Phelan's challenge to play him a billiard match for \$5,000. We are afraid Secreter will lose his money, but hope that he may not be so unfortunate. "A fellow Phelan makes us wondrous kind." If Mike is conquered it will be a *Han's* some achievement.

The Railroad Conductor Caught.

'Halloo, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind!'

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our Western railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing. The baggage-master was busy with baggage and checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars, and securing their seats, while the locomotive snorted, and bowed.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might easily have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out:

'Halloo, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind!'

'Time enough, I reckon,' replied the individual so roughly addressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car. 'All aboard!' cried the conductor. 'Get on, Limpy!' said he, as he passed the lame, carelessly dressed man.

The lame man made no reply. Just as the train was slowly moving away, the lame man stepped on the platform of the last car, and walking in, quietly took a seat. The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. 'Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

'Hand out your money here?'

'I don't pay,' replied the lame man, quietly. 'Don't pay?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, see about that. I shall put you out at the next station!'

He seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

'Better not be so rough, young man,' answered the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet bag for a moment; and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned, looked up at the conductor, and asked him:

'Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?'

'No, sir.'

'That was Peter Warburton, the president of the road?'

'Are you sure of that, sir?' replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

'I know him.'

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—one of those who were near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come perhaps through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?

And yet, why should he care? He knew what his own worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When a little orange-peddler, he stood by the street-crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now. Should he care for a perfect stranger's roughness or taunt? Those who sat near him waited curiously to see how it would end.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his books from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

'I resign my place, sir,' he said.

The president looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning him to the vacant seat at his side, said:

'Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with you.'

Colonel John G. Barr.

The writer of this anecdote was well acquainted with Colonel John Gorman Barr, late consul to Melbourne, Australia. He was a man of brilliant parts. With a mind stored with useful knowledge, he possessed social qualities that endeared him to all who had the good fortune to be thrown into his company. Among the many original good stories that he used to relate with a gusto peculiar to him, I remember the following.

Before I relate it, however, I will preface it by stating for the benefit of those who knew him not, that he was commander of the first Alabama company received by the government for the war with Mexico, and, for awhile, acting lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. His amiable temper, his generosity and manly bearing, endeared him to his men to a remarkable degree.

During the 'heated term' of the Presidential campaign of 1856, Captain Barr was called by his engagements to visit the northern part of Bibb county. The region not being familiar with him, darkness approaching, and the houses few and far between, he bethought him of seeking a lodging for the night. He reined up his horse in front of a house. There was a calf hitched to the gate, a spinning-wheel on the piazza, and an old lady knitting. Everything looked quite snug. Captain Barr (although a remarkably modest man when he encountered the fair sex), ventured to inquire the chance of a night's lodging there. The good lady, after hesitating awhile, stated that her 'old man' not being at home, she didn't like to take in any strangers.

'How far is it to the next house?' inquired the gallant captain.

'About a mile.'

'Good evening, ma'am.'

'Good evening.' And the weary horse and rider plodded on.

Captain Barr rode along until he thought he had gone 'about a mile,' without seeing any house.

He now began to think that he was indeed going 'about a mile'—that is, going around a circle whose diameter was a mile. This thought proceeded from the tortuosity of the road. His cogitations were abruptly brought to a close by his arrival at the long-looked-for house. Custom being contagious, and the good people in that region being simple in their tastes and wants, he was not surprised that at the gate a calf was hitched, and on the piazza a spinning-wheel stood, and in the door a lady knitting. According to the latter, he said: 'Can I stay all night?'

The good lady intimated that her husband being absent, she doubted the propriety of accommodating a stranger.

Disappointed, but nothing daunted, our hero inquired the distance to the next house.

'About a mile—but I've done told you that once before.'

Perplexed beyond measure, he at length obtained permission to alight, hitch his horse, and rest himself on the piazza. The good lady eyed him with no expression of good-will, and being often accustomed to make the best of a bad bargain, the captain took a seat that was offered by no means graciously. In the yard he discovered a little light-haired boy peeping curiously at him around the corner of the house.

'Is that your son, madam?' he inquired of the good lady who was busy in her household duties, who answered with a short, jerking 'yes.'

By some legerdemain of his own, the captain soon had the little fellow between his knees, talking quite socially.

'What's your name, my little man?'

'Captain John G. Barr, sir,' promptly replied the lad.

'Well, I hope that you will be a better man than your namesake.'

'What's that you say?' loudly interrupted the mother. 'Don't you dar say anything agin Captain Barr in this house, if you expect to stay here all night when my old man comes home.'

The captain gallantly apologized and promised more discretion.

After awhile, the 'old man' came in, and when he had rather gruffly saluted the stranger—entered into conversation. The more he looked at Barr, the more he looked perplexed. After one long and intent gaze, he started up, threw his arms around the neck of Barr, and bursting into tears, cried out: 'Wife, it's him, it's him!'

'It's who?'

'Why Captain John G. Barr, God bless him.'

Never was there such a revolution. All the chairs of the house were brought into requisition for the use of the captain. His horse was put up, not in the corn crib, but near by, the mother was all smiles and apologies, and never prepared a better supper in her life. Mine host was an old companion in arms.—*Ballou's Pictorial*.

'CROWNER'S QUEST' IN ALABAMA.—A Mobile (Ala.) paper says that an inquest was recently held in that city, on the body of a man who died from taking an over dose of vegetable pills. On opening his body, the interior was found to be one huge cabbage but dead to its core, from confinement and want of water—a beverage, which the patient, unfortunately, never drank. The jury returned a verdict of 'quits.' 'Quits, gentlemen!' exclaimed the dismayed Coroner—'never heard of such a thing. What do you mean?' 'Why,' replied the foreman, 'we find that if the cabbage killed the man, the man most certainly killed the cabbage, and if that ain't quits, blow me!'

Marysville

The Annual meeting of the Board of Delegates of the Marysville Fire Department took place on Tuesday evening, Dec. 14th.

W. C. Stokes in the chair. Credentials of the Delegates elected by Eureka Engine and Hose Co's, Yuba Engine and Hose Companies, Warren Engine Company, and Mutual Hose Company, to represent them in the Board, were received, and the members elected admitted to their seats.

The Committee on Seal reported that they had procured a Seal at an expense of \$15. The report was received, and the Seal procured was adopted as the Seal of the Marysville Fire Department.

Communications from the Pioneer Engine and Hose Companies were taken from the table.

Communications from

